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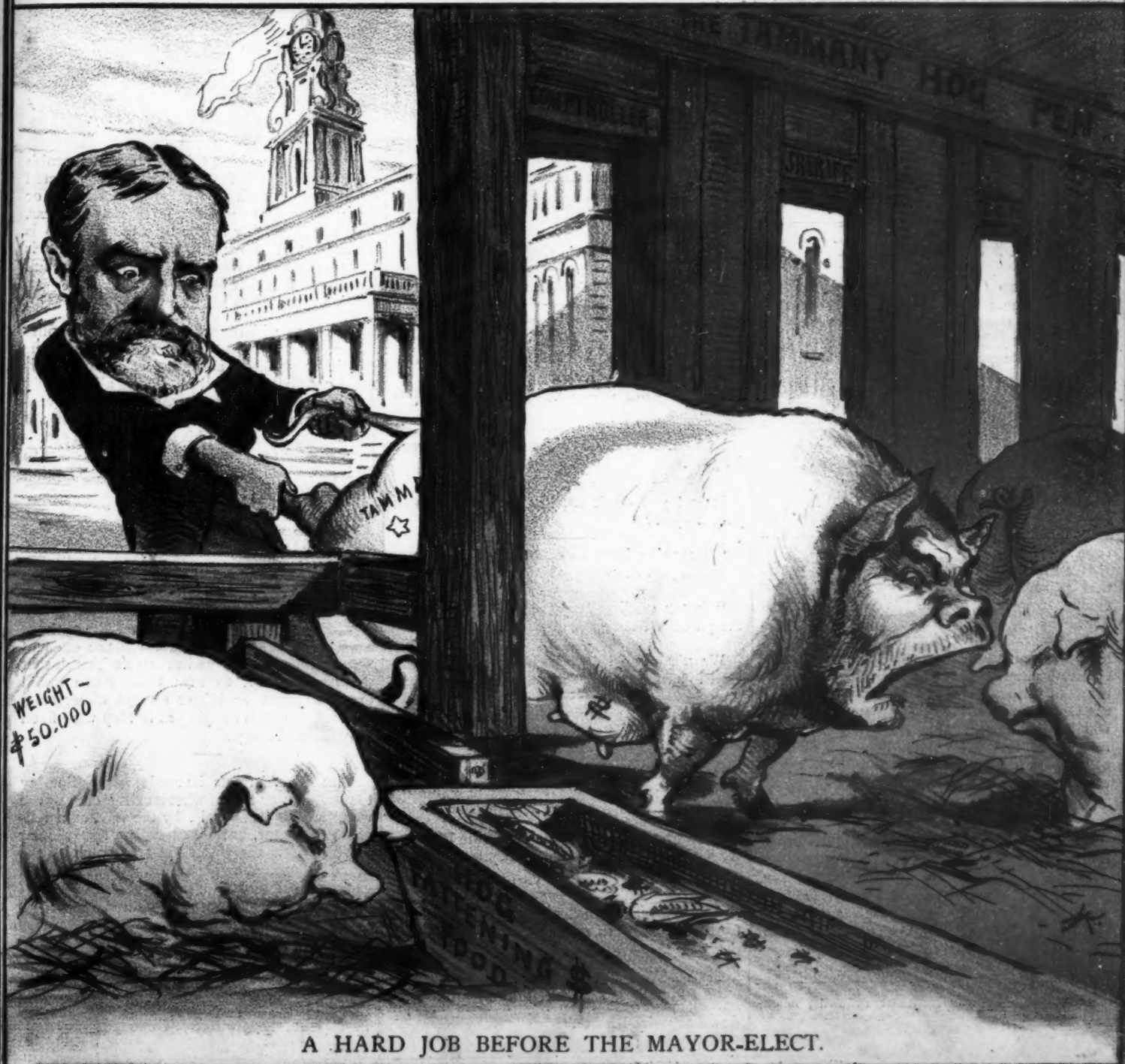
"What fools these Mortals be!"
MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM.

Puck

PUBLISHED BY
KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

NEW YORK
TRADE MARK REGISTERED 1878.

OFFICE N° 13 NORTH WILLIAM ST.



A HARD JOB BEFORE THE MAYOR-ELECT.

"PUCK".

No. 13 North William Street, New York.

FOR SALE BY ALL NEWS DEALERS.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

One Copy one year, or 52 numbers.....\$5.00
 One Copy, six months, or 26 numbers.....2.50
 One Copy for thirteen weeks.....1.25
 POSTAGE FREE.

ILLUSTRATED BY.....JOS. KEPPLER.
 BUSINESS MANAGER.....A. SCHWARZMANN.
 EDITOR.....H. C. BUNNER.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

PUCK will hereafter be on Sale in London, at the News Agency of Messrs. HENRY F. GILLIG & CO., 449, Strand, Charing Cross.

Americans in Paris, hitherto reduced to "Punch", "Fun" and "Judy", will now find their natural paper on file at the "Herald" Office, 49 Avenue de l'Opéra.

We cannot undertake to return rejected communications, and to this rule we can make no exception.

Remittances by Money Order, etc., are to be addressed to KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

Our advertising friends are only required to pay bills presented on the billheads of PUCK, with our stamp IMPRESSED thereon. KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

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A HARD JOB BEFORE MAYOR COOPER.

MR. EDWARD COOPER has been elected by PUCK and the people to do duty as Mayor of this city for the term commencing in January next. Mister John Kelly has, by the grace of PUCK and the people been assigned to a back seat, politically speaking. But he and his henchmen still hold the fat offices which give the power to Tammany. The first act of Mayor Cooper should be to get rid of these fatteners at the public crib. But how is he to do it? Tammany, if anything, is a hog. It is filthy in its ways; it is greasy in its component parts; and it fattens on all sorts of political swill. If it can't be a Congressman, it will kindly consent to be a Coroner, at so much a body.

But the Hog Tammany has waxed so fat that it seems almost impossible for Mayor Cooper to get it out of the places it holds. Surely Mr. Cooper has a hard job before him. But Hogs, even the Tammany Hogs, will grow lean if deprived of their swill; and it is therefore to be hoped that the incoming city government will so act, that with the assistance of the Governor and the Legislature, the places which once knew Tammany will know it no more; and it will go back to its old business of keeping corner liquor stores and leave politics to the people. Selah.

KELLY'S DEFEAT AND THE PRESS.

THE ablest of our contemporaries, the *Sun*, gives credit to the *Times* and the *World* for their share in crushing the hydra-headed demagogue, Mister John Kelly. The *Tribune* also gets a word of praise, and the *Herald* deservedly a word of censure; but PUCK, who really has done more than all these combined to rid New Yorkers of a tyrannical incubus, is entirely ignored.

Now we feel we are not overstepping the bounds of modesty in laying claim to having achieved a glorious victory over Tammany insolence. Everybody, including Mr. John Kelly himself, has probably studied with interest our cartoons, which appeal at once to the feelings in a much more direct manner than the best editorial ever penned by a Dana.

We take this opportunity of informing Mr. John Kelly that Tammany is doomed. It is useless for him to endeavor to keep up the courage of its fatuous satellites and supporters. Tammany is of no more importance in this community than the fifth wheel of a coach. Let Mr. Kelly retire into that private life to which, with his obtrusive honesty, he would prove so great an ornament. By the way, we hear a great deal too much about this honesty—which is not a good sign.

Be this as it may, Mr. Kelly may rest assured that, as long as PUCK has power to wield a pen and pencil, he declares "war to the knife" against Kelly and Tammany, or any one who has been defiled by their touch, until these un-American institutions are entirely stamped out of existence, and the rule of the people by the people secured in their stead.

PUCK will never lose a chance of belittling and opposing them, and will not rest until they are relegated to the limbo of other antiquated instruments of torture.

Mr. Kelly now knows what he has to expect. We would advise him to drop the name of Democrat. Democrat, indeed! Mr. Kelly bears as much resemblance to a Democrat as the Grand Lama to Denis Kearney.

Puckerings.

A PUT-UP job.—Preserving fruit.

DID you ever see a red-headed nigger?

LOOK sharp to your sausages this week.

A HOME stretch.—Over a mother's knee.

WHEN eating boiled eggs, he who hesitates is lost.

EVEN after death he is carried away by greed for gold.

PHREW! you don't happen to have it about you, do you?

"THERE'S a letter in this scandal," as Theodore sang on the witness stand.

"SHEEP cloding" may not be all wool, but the purchaser is almost always fleeced.

WASN'T carrying the body from the churchyard in a rubber-bag rather a sack-religious act?

A STRAIN of music.—The efforts of an amateur cornet player with insufficient lung power.

A SCENTED note.—A crisp dollar bill; one hundred cents and the perfume of new *monnaie*.

STRANGE, isn't it, that the East Side Elevated R. R. is no great shakes in anything but its springs?

AN ocular demonstration.—A man's hard fist threatening to put a mansard roof on another's eye.

IN the balance sheets of life insurance companies, payments to policy holders are put down as "dead losses."

WHO was the first man mentioned in the Bible who engaged in a big pedestrian contest? See Genesis, v. 22.

THE late Mr. A. T. Stewart, we learn, was buried in evening dress. Quite right: he was going to a reception—with warm refreshments.

WE can't see Stewart now, because the resurrectionists have raised him. But they did it with a fire-shovel; and not at Poker. Will it prove to be a full hand?

THERE is controversy as to whether Adam and Eve were white or cullid persons. We can't throw much light on the subject, but eve now-a-days is generally dusky.

THE editor of an esteemed contemporary says: "Learn your child a trade, even if you have to learn him to trade old iron for a circus ticket." How the father of that editor must have "learned" his son English. But the item is, of course, a special joke.

As a humorous journal PUCK has never had an equal in this country.—*Phila. Kronikle-Herald*. Well—ha hum—we could—ha hum—almost blush at such very high praise from so competent an authority; but there is a paper that equals PUCK in humor, and it is certainly our valued Philadelphia contemporary.

IF there is anything thinner than the varnish on mock-auction furniture, it is the affected eagerness of each one of a party of four or five young men to pay the fares in a street-car. You will invariably notice that the one who is six or seven feet away from the conductor is the only one who stretches his arm to its full length towards that official.

IF Edison will invent a machine for keeping slippers in one another's company, to curb their erratic propensities and prevent the chambermaid conniving at their wandering about singly and promiscuously, there would be more evening and morning prayers than curses from the fellow who has to rasp his spinal cord in crawling half-way under the bed in his night-shirt to find one, while the other is obstinately lurking beneath the bureau.

When the woman sends home your washing, your shirt-bosom and cuffs may be as limber as an old handkerchief, but when you come to a raw-edged collar you will find it starched stiff enough to saw your head off if it don't lose hold of the button.—*Fulton Times*.

Some people never know when they have a good thing. Now how would you like to have a washerwoman who would leave the ends of your standing collars so innocent of starch that the first attempt to turn them down would create an immense blister on the under side, and set the ends flapping as if they were fixed on well-oiled hinges?

THE *Herald* treats its readers every Sunday to a column or two of what it calls "chat by the way," which "chat" is, by the way, of a religious character, but occasionally a little secular knowledge is thrown in, just to spice up the moral lessons. We give an example of its moral geographical efforts:

"The National Bank of Genoa, Spain, has been seized with a desire to emulate the example of Great Britain and America. Its directors have stolen \$2,000,000, which is certainly very well for beginners."

The writer of this was probably inspired while taking an airing behind a pair of 2.14½ gondoliers on the Rialto and Grand Canal of Madrid in Caprera. But where is Genoa, anyway?

OPERATIC NOTE.

SIGNOR CAMPANINI has been hardly done by, and has not hesitated to express his feelings thereat in most untenorlike style. He is not a foe to graphic art on general principles, but when it is applied by Sarony in his best manner in a striking photograph of our charming little American singist, Minnie Hauk, he protests not mildly.

Signor Campanini one night last week danced a jig, that was not down on the bills, in the Academy lobby, before Minnie Hauk's beautiful portrait—because a round dozen of his had been moved to make way for hers. He then tore his hair, turned himself inside out, waltzed up to his box with mingled "cospetto di bacos," "sacrés," and goddams and expletives in other languages on hand.

Signor Campanini has stated, doubtless truly, that all the Italians in New York are not boot-blacks and organ-grinders. We shall begin to think that one of them at any rate is not a gentleman.

INGERSOLL AND ABBOTT.

INGERSOLL will have to put on brakes if he wishes to avoid running to fool. He may be a very good biblical critic, and there are few who can attack religious doctrines better than he, and bring up with a round turn those who have distinguished themselves in the prophet and priest business, but he really must really give up talking about music.

He writes to Miss Emma Abbott that since he saw her years ago with the guitar her soul has "burst into flowers." That's the trouble, it ought to have burst into voice. "You were a chrysalis then," he says. "To-day, when I listened to your voice, I heard the rustling of wings." Strange that Miss Abbott's voice affected us in the same manner—but the wings we were reminded of were those of a bird peculiar to New Holland, known to scientists as the *Asinus ridens*. Stick to your gods and lectures on Hell, dear Bob. You understand these things, but a New York *Herald* critic could give you points about music.

GAMBLING AT CHURCH FAIRS.

"Won't you take a chance in my book, sir? Only one dollar! A crockery clock, engraved on steel by Tiffany from the original design by Steele Mackaye," or words to that effect, greet the ears of the visitors at all our Church Fairs, whether they be run in the interests of the disciples of Calvin, the Pope, Luther, Spurgeon, Beecher, or any other fellow—for "they all do it!"

Meanwhile the time of our judges is occupied in hearing and deciding cases against the pool-sellers whose occupation is selling chances on horses or politicians who are about to run.

What is sauce for the Goose is sauce for the Gander. If the pool-seller is to be arrested, and his place locked up because he deals in chances, then lock up the dear creatures who deal in chances at Church Fairs, and close the Fairs, as well. The ends do *not* justify the means in this country. We believe in an even-handed justice to be meted out fairly to everybody, irrespective of sex, religion, or previous condition of servitude.

We don't care particularly about pool-selling or gambling at Church Fairs; but we *do* revolt at any kind of Humbug. Whenever we see a head of Humbug, we hit it. It has been our fortune to listen to sundry wise and devout discourses on the great sin of gambling; and within the twelvemonth to have toed-and-heeled it home from the same church in which such dis-

course had been preached. For meantime a Fair had been held therein, and fair sirens had lured us to our destruction, until the empty pocket contained not the oleaginous nickel which the arrogant car-conductor would have demanded for our tardy transit, homeward. A whole evening passed threading a weary and tortuous passage among opened books, amid pleading cries of "Put yourself down in *my* book, sir!" "O, I'm sure you won't neglect *Me*—only one dollar!" would deplete any man's pocket, unless he were a Vanderbilt, or a bank burglar. And the terrible incongruity of this sort of work, compared to the recently heard sermon on gambling, seemed to us not to properly dovetail together, or to make such an eternal fitness of things as is pleasant in church business. In fact, we thought the whole thing was an A 1, first-class, copper-fastened Fraud.

Certain States of the Union license lotteries, and as a reward they generally have yellow fever. It may be noticed that those States which do not license lotteries are quite healthy, and comparatively free from epidemics. But at least the yellow-fever-and-lottery-licensed States are consistent in giving legal permission to their games of chance before they allow them to be openly and publicly operated. Whereas we, in the North, the moral, the non-yellow-feverish States, pass laws, in the name of God and morality, against all sorts of gambling; and then permit it, or wink at it, in churches for the cause of morality and God.

Why, if Belly and Kiss, or any other pool-sellers, had pretty girls enticing their customers to stale refreshments (but delicious when served by dainty hands); if they had soft, low voices, or the musical notes of a pure contralto singing a bravura into masculine ears as to the merits of "Buck Moses's bay gelding, by Tip out of Top;" if they hired a brass band to play the pretty airs of the day, so that feet, pretty as a picture, lured one irresistibly into the mazes of the waltz; if in fact they applied to the male blood of youth and age the allurements of lovely woman, without which no Church-Fair ever succeeded—if they did this, then Messrs. Belly and Kiss would make their fortunes in a year, and shut up shop.

Only to be succeeded by their successors.

Gambling in a Broadway "Dive," with a bar adjacent, is not without a certain moral symmetry in it. But gambling in a church, erected A.M.D.G. sets the seal of Humbug in the oriel window over the front portals.

Messrs. Members of the Assembly, newly elected, will you either see to it that pool-selling is allowed, or that church gambling is stopped?

Let us at least be consistent.

CHILDHOOD'S QUERY.



"Papa, dear, how do their papas spank 'em?"

A VOICE FROM THE GRAVE.

WHEN the body-snatchers stole the body of the late Alexander T. Stewart from the tomb in St. Mark's graveyard in this city, they stole the remains of a man who during his life did many things, but who never made himself ridiculous. He was accused of harshness to his employes, of tyranny to small dealers, and of being generally a cold-blooded sort of an old fossil, with the human sympathy generally supposed to reside in the heart of a clam.

But (we repeat) he never made himself ridiculous. That remained for Mr. Henry Hilton to do for him after his death. He made Stewart's Grand Union Hotel in Saratoga ridiculous by excluding one of the leading bankers of the world because he was a Jew; he excited the laughter of the whole country by his absurd management of the Woman's Home which Stewart built for women; and, generally, in his succession to the Stewart estate he has made much fun for the irreverent and has held up the name of the millionaire merchant to ridicule. Not content with this, Mr. Judge Hilton, having the Stewart money in his pockets, allows the bones of Mr. Stewart to be stolen. We say this advisedly. The tomb of Mr. Stewart was tampered with in October last. Surely this was a warning. But all Mr. Judge Hilton, with Mr. Stewart's money in his pocket, did to guard against a recurrence of such despoilment of his benefactor's bones, was to put an aged watchman (probably the twin brother of the aged Janitor of the Manhattan Bank) to guard the graveyard—when he wasn't doing anything else.

He didn't notify the police. O, no! And the community is consequently shocked, because even this twopenny-ha'penny watchman is discharged and Mr. Stewart's body is from its mother's womb (earth) most untimely ripped. (The verb "Rip" has reference to the action of the burglars upon the lead of the coffin.)

After such an attempt to levy on the bones of the great dry-goods man, does it not strike you, dear reader, that the man who had the dead man's money in his trousers' pocket could have, at least, expended money enough to make those poor old bones safe?

Healthy men, disgusted with Tammany's laborer's prices, could be hired at \$2.00 per night to watch those remains. Special police could have been appointed—nay, the very patrolmen on the posts near St. Mark's church would have prevented this outrage, had they been notified. But Mr. Judge Hilton, with Mr. Stewart's money in his pocket, does *not* notify the police. What cares he for the bones, when he has the sinews of war in his pocket?

There is a magnificent church being erected among the wastes of Long Island to honor the memory and to contain the bones of a millionaire dry-goods man.

At this present writing his bones are non-come-at-able.

For common decency's sake, if they are not found soon, Mr. Judge Hilton ought to cut his throat and give his own bones to that grand mausoleum—for a mausoleum without bones is a farce. Mr. Hilton offers a reward for the bones. He has got Stewart's millions and in common decency he can offer a few thousands for the old man's bones. Of course, personally he does not care for the bones, but at least, he can carry out the idea he has followed since Mr. Stewart's death. He *was* a lawyer. At Stewart's death he became a dry-goods man. Let him continue to identify himself still more thoroughly with his great benefactor. Stewart's grave is open, and Puck's advice to Mr. Henry Hilton is, "Remember A. T. Stewart—his grave is empty now—"

"Put yourself in his place!"

MR. FINNEGAN RETURNS FROM PARIS.



MR. FINNEGAN (*fresh from the Paris Exhibition*)—"Esker Madham Feenaygong daymoore eecy?"

MRS. FINNEGAN (*ecstatically*)—"Pat, darlin', is it yerself? Mother o' Moses! but the Frinch twist is all over ye, me b'y!"

POLICE!

Another Gigantic Burglary!!

THE TRIBUNE BUILDING STOLEN!!!

WHERE IS IT?

THE POLICE PUZZLED.

NO CLUE TO THE PERPETRATORS OF THE DASTARDLY OUTRAGE.—THE SUPPOSED MOTIVES FOR THE DEED.—INTERVIEWS WITH JAY GOULD, INTERESTED PARTIES, AND OTHERS.

FULL DETAILS TO BE FOUND IN PUCK ONLY.

PRICE, 10 CENTS.
ON EVERY NEWSTAND.

THE series of gigantic burglaries which has astounded and terrified New York for several months past, has been brought to a terrific climax by the robbery of the *Tribune* Building, with all its inmates, which startling catastrophe took place last night. It is but a few weeks since the metropolis stood aghast at the theft of two millions and a half from the Manhattan Savings Institution; and our citizens had no sooner recovered from this shock than the mysterious abduction of the body of the late Mr. A. T. Stewart again threw our detective force into a state of hopeless perplexity. And now the crowning horror has burst upon the city. Our noblest monument of journalistic enterprise has been ravished from us, with all its appurtenances, including Mr. Whitelaw Reid.

Where is this sort of thing to stop?

We don't know, and our feelings overpower us, anyway. We therefore settle down to the cold particulars, reserving the right to make any appropriate reflections which may occur to us as we go along.

THE CRIME

was probably perpetrated between the hours of 7 P.M. and 6:30 A.M. It was first discovered by Roundsman Mulligan, who, on going into the restaurant in the basement of the building (generally known as the Tall Tower Rum-shop) for the usual police stimulant, observed the absence of the building overhead. Officer Mulligan called the attention of a waiter to his discovery. The waiter, who is a native of Pomerania, replied that he had not observed anything of the sort; but that if it were the case, he should probably see it in the *Staats-Zeitung* in the course of the week. The officer then left the restaurant, and held extended consultation with a *Sun* reporter, who confirmed his worst suspicions.

THE BUILDING WAS GONE;

and not a trace of it was to be seen. The following message was then sent to Police Headquarters, whence was afterwards issued a general alarm:

"Some time during the night the *Tribune* Building, including the tall tower, was bodily carried off with its editor and staff. So bulky an article would probably have attracted attention in the course of transmission through the city. It is unlikely that it would be taken across the ferries, as the weather-cock and clock-tower would project over the bulwarks of the boat. Keep a sharp lookout in your precinct, and make a thorough and searching investigation. Read yesterday's *Tribune*, if you can get it; it is the leading American newspaper.

SUPERINTENDENT WALLING."

Captain Williams, with Detectives Field and O'Connor, was soon



ON THE SITE

where once stood the magnificent pile, which had been spirited away as cleanly as was Aladdin's famous palace by the wicked magician. Printing House Square presented a naked appearance bereft of its chief ornament, and the *Sun* office looked quite imposing without its giant neighbor. To a Puck reporter Detective O'Connor remarked, "It's the neatest job I ever saw, and it must have been done by professional cracksmen."

Mr. Jay Gould and a large number of his Wall Street friends now arrived at the spot, as also several admirers of Mr. Whitelaw Reid, who were surprised at the unexampled boldness of the robbery, and expressed much concern as to the whereabouts of the young editor and the remarkable building. The Puck reporter, though keeping his weather-eye open for a trace of the missing pile, lost no time in

INTERVIEWING MR. JAY GOULD.

PUCK MAN.—What do you think has become of the *Tribune* Building?

MR. GOULD.—I really have no theory on the subject, but if the miscreants who stole it think I'm going to offer a reward for its recovery they are very much mistaken. If I never get it back, I will be no party to encouraging such outrages.

P. M.—But Mr. Reid and—

MR. GOULD.—Reid—whose Mr. Reid? Is that the young man who used to tend the elevator?

Seeing that Mr. Gould was excited, the Puck reporter then retired, and afterwards obtained from various parties in the neighborhood the following

VALUABLE INFORMATION:

The apple woman at the corner of Spruce Street stated that she saw several suspicious looking characters, about seven o'clock, enter the now roofless *Tribune* Beer Saloon. If these were not *Sun* reporters, they were probably the fiendish building-snatchers. A small boot-black, well known on the street, was morally certain that he heard two or three horse-cars pass along at about the time the robbery is supposed to have taken place; and the soda-fountain man at Hudnut's is convinced that he saw an express wagon drawn by one horse—if not a wheelbarrow—at the corner of Broadway and Barclay Street.

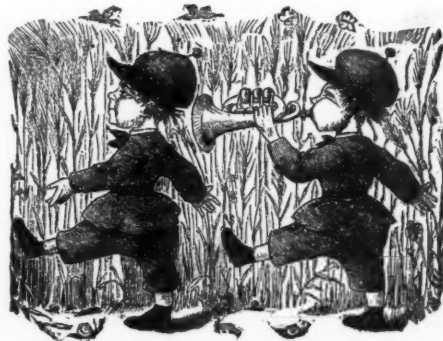
LATER.

Up to the time of going to press no news has been received of the missing building, nor is there any clue. Mr. Dana has, however, in the kindest manner, placed the office of the *Sun* at the disposal of Mr. Jay Gould, that the *Tribune* may be issued as usual.

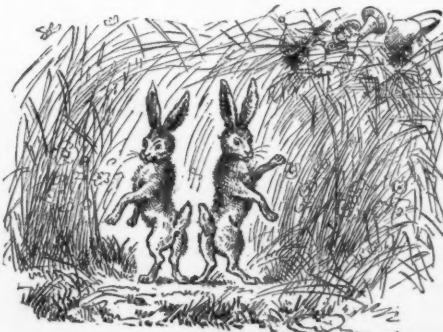
\$25.00 REWARD OFFERED, AFTER ALL.

Whereas, during the night of Monday, the *Tribune* Building was bodily abstracted from its foundation and carried away to parts unknown: By direction of Mr. Jay Gould, the above reward is offered for the return of the edifice and editor, and such information as will convict the thieves.

POWER OF MUSIC.



Two liddle boys went oud for to blay,
Dey blayed on a drumpet der liflong day.



Dey spielt sehr bad, und dot vas vot
Made dem liddle hares behafe like dot.

MCANTHONY OVER THE BODY OF CÆSAR.

With apologies to Messrs. Shakspeare and Criswell.

FRINDS, heelers, counthrymen, lind me the laste bit of yer ears!
 I come for to bury Cæsar, not t' upraise him.
 He was me frind (an a soort of a cousin of mine, along of our comin'
 from county Sligo, where we had the one pigsty betwixt us),
 Yet Cooper says he was a Dick Tatur.
 It's loying Cooper is. John Kelly never called himsilf Richard Murphy
 since he come here.
 The ayvil that min do hangs on like the tail-end of a whisky-dhrunk.
 That's what's the matther wid Kelly. Edward Cooper
 Has towld ye Kelly was ambitious. Tare an' ouns!
 Isn't this a free counthry? Ain't a mon got no right to be ambitious
 widout axin Mr. Cooper's permit?
 Kelly has brought many's the shekels home to Tammany,
 And begorrah they stayed there.
 When that the shtrikers come down on him, Kelly has bled.
 Ambition don't make that koind of a free-lunch of itself.
 Ye all of ye seen that down at the City Hall
 I axed him tree times to take somethin' wid the b'ys,
 And tree times he give it me back: "Larry," says he, "I don't want
 nothin'; I've had enough to-day."
 Now, I put to ye reasonable and fair, is that ambition, or is it aiven
 half dhrunk?
 [John, fwat the divil is the maning of that wurrd, anyhow?]
 You all do know this vest. I remember
 The first time Kelly iver put it on.
 'Twas on the 4th of November, down at Owny Geoghegan's.
 That day he stood whisky for the whole gang.
 Look, this is the place where Cooper pulled it down.
 See where the envious Mike Norton hitched on to it—
 Here's where Phelps got his dirty fingers in,
 Up here that child of the divil, Jimmy O'Brine, got a grip on it,
 And, as he plucked his cursed fist away,
 Mark how some of the shirt-front and a meejority of the chest-protector
 of Kelly followed it,
 As rushin' out of dures, to be resolved
 If O'Brine had howld of it, or some other man.
 I come not, frinds, to shtale away yer hearts.
 I'm not got down to that yet, praise be to God.
 Me father was a respectable purfessional, and oi've got his jimmy, an'
 it's the safe racket of mine to worrk when I lave politics.
 So ye kin be aisy about thim hearts.
 I am no orator, like Cooper is.
 But if I get me fingers in the hair of him, saints have mercy on his widdy.
 Good frinds, swate heelers, let me not stir ye up
 To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
 Take yer toime about it,
 Take yer toime. [Silence.] Be aisy. [Silence.]
 Divil the bit of mutiny I belave there is in the whole kit an' bilin'
 of yez! [Silence.]
 [John, they stir hard.] Hooroo, b'ys! Let me not stir ye—
 Sorra a stir! Ye divils, I belave ye sowld out Schell! D'ye hear to that?
 Faix, they don't give a rap for me iloquence.
 This is a dhry wake.
 John, avick, get up off that shretcher and come along wid me.
 It's no use at all, at all, mavourneen.
 Tempora mutantur, bad cess to 'em.

FASHION'S FOLLIES.

COSTUMES OF THE IMMEDIATE FUTURE.



THE ANCHORITE.
 [The train is ratner a fluke.]



THE HEADLIGHT COIFFURE.
 Clear the track!



THE QUEEN OF HEARTS.
 Takes every trick.



FAN-CY DRESS.
 A l'éventail.



THE PHONOGRAPH.
 Costume patented by Mr. Edison.



A LA BALLON.
 For flighty maidens.

SOME SOCIAL FIENDS.

VII.

THE PREACHING FIEND.



OUR fellow countrymen can be congratulated that this Fiend flourishes principally in Brooklyn; and although known elsewhere, he flourishes his tail more mildly, and opens his wide and ponderous jaws with less ferocity in other localities than he does in the city of churches.

In Brooklyn he can howl his howliest howl. He can? He *must*! Brooklyn is proverbially unsuccessful as a city of theatres. It has sucked in its dramatic pabulum for many years from New York and such Roscian itinerants as had "to lay" over in Brooklyn, while en route to Yaphauk or other centres of the show business. But the religious people of the city of churches need some excitement, and they seek it on Sunday in those gorgeous architectural piles (mortgaged) wherein a ten or twenty thousand dollar preacher can run the gamut from heavy tragedy [applause] down to the broadest and funniest farce. [Loud laughter.]

To run this sort of thing costs money. A real nice Methodist minister can be hired for less than \$800 a year; and \$300 with house rent and expenses will secure a healthy Catholic priest, fresh from Maynooth. But, bless your heart, there is no fun—in church—in this sort of preacher. Their discourses are of the most solemn and lugubrious sort. They, so to speak, make sinners feel sick, and "Standing Room Only" placards are not to be found among their ecclesiastical properties.

So, mon ami, you perceive at once that such cattle as these are not desired in the green fields of Brooklyn. The preacher who can freeze several young bloods at one moment, and tickle the ears of the maidens at the next; whose discourse hath in it—not the tear and the smile—but the shock and the grin, *he* is the fellow for Brooklyn.

And here is wherein he is truly a Fiend. For he goes for the female. O, hush! There is no allusion intended to the true inwardness of the Preaching Fiend. Reference is only made to his outward workings on the female pocket. He must be supported; he must have the purple and fine linen of brown-stone fronts, fleet steeds and dainty cookery. His children must be better dressed, and his wife have more means to spend on charity (at home) than other females. The Preaching Fiend must have his little vacations in the country; and his long vacations among the cafés in Paris. Sometimes the Preaching F. is restless, and seeking rest, findeth none. He rushes to the twin White Mountains, where there are ragged edges; he railroads himself across the Continent, where he even wishes he were be dead; and his weary soul urges him across the seas to seek oblivion. This is good for the female pocket; for the P. F. gets money for these peregrinations, and the F. P. has no drains upon it in the interim. But when the Preaching Fiend

is at home doing his work as Leading Mountebank, then the average father and husband shivers. The females of the family need money for pew hire and premium; for flowers for the Pastor's desk; for a donation party to the dear Pastor; to enable him to take a trip to Syria; to newly furnish his house; to help pay off mortgages on the Temple; to—but so on, ad infinitum. And the male, purse-bearing member of the family fears the name of the old foul fiend less than that of the modern Preaching Fiend. Is there no remedy for the attacks of this prowler, this purse despoiler? Yes, in the watchfulness of the moral press. In one case, as may be seen in the chromo at the head of this article, the Preaching Fiend, seeing himself as others see him, cuts a flip-flap and—swallows himself. E. S. L.

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. LXIII.

THE RECENT ELECTION.



Ya-as, on several occasions I have remarked that Americans are aw verwy often engaged in election-eerwing, because, yer see, in this blasted country fellows have to be

elected to everwy description of office, and the greater part of the time of the Wepublic is taken up in attending to this business. Jack says he never aw knew a day he-ah that somebody or othah wasn't weceiving votes to aw be weturned for some office; which if a fellow got would put him in weceipt of a good salaryw.

It is a frightfully complicated arwangement, and, by Jove, I can't even understand how Jack gets it through his bwain—can't, 'pon my sacwed honah.

I weally don't know aw why I twy to compehend it, and I may as well remark that I nevah expect to aw.

There are some fellows called Democwats; and then, on the other hand, there are aw some othah fellows called Wepublicans. They take their peculiar names faw wecweation; faw no fellow has evah been clewah enough to find out the difference in the pwinciples of these verwy extwaordinary parties. Jack says that one is in office and the othah is out; and

that is quite difference enough for anything. Then there are othah parties who have something to say—fellows who live in a Timmany Hall and are membahs of an Indian twibe. I am told they dwess in fethahs, have paint put on their faces with a paint bwush, and that they nevah go out without carwyng aw tomahawks for pwotection. I don't wemembah seeing any such cweatures as these about the sweets, but I suppose that they are we-siding somewhere.

Then aw, to make this Amerwican election business more dweadfully and widiculously intricate than evah, there are othah descriptions of people who vote, who call themselves Gween-backers; and maw fellows, who Jack says are Democwats, but no welation to the Indian individuals with the tomahawks and paint bwushes.

This particular bwanch of Amerwican politics wejoices in the name of Timminy Hall. I don't know why they call it a Hall, but aw the Timminy is derwived fwom a number of fellows named Tim or Timothy who are aw membahs. The pwincipal Indian, who has charge of these aborwiginal Timminies, is a fellow with the aw not particularly wefined Irwish Fenian name of John Kelly.

This aw Kelly wanted to aw wule the woast, and everwything else, with a wod of irwon, and Jack tells me that the wesult was anything but satisfactorwy to the Wed Indian Chief.

I think Amerwicans are quite wight not to be wuled by Wed Indians.

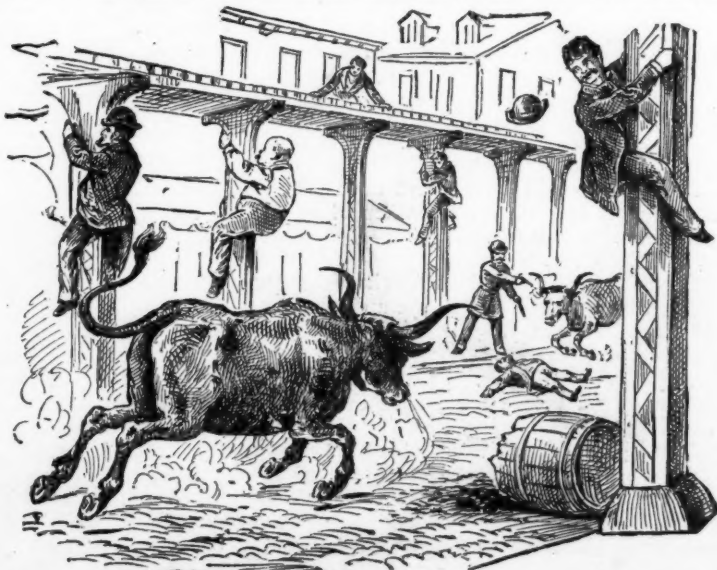
But the queerwest thing about the election was the gweat aw numbah of aw people an Amerwican has to vote aw faw. Mayors, aw Judges, aw Corwoners, aw membahs of Amerwican Parliament, and aw othahs. Everwy fellow in the country can amuse himself in this aw way. The names are all witten on widiculous little scwaps of papah, and each fellow dwops half a gwoss of these in twansparwent globes.

The whole arwangement, yer know, is so differwent and inferwiah fwom the mannah of aw doing it at home that I weally felt awfully sorry faw the barbarwism still wampant in this overgwown aw pwimitive country, as we dwove about to see the pwocceedings.

He-ah there are no aw hustings, no aw weturning-officers, no bwoken heads, not much dwinking, and altogethah the aw affiaah is conducted in a wetchedly wepublican mannah.

There's anothah peculiarwity he-ah. Any Irwishman who comes to Amerwica for the first time has aw just to telegwaph to the Pwesident that he is aw coming and a vote is pwovid faw him immediately on his arwival aw.

A NEW USE FOR THE ELEVATED RAILROAD.



If this wild steer business continues, this will be the only refuge open to the pedestrian.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF OSCULATION.



EAREST ANGELINA,
 Meet me at the gate.
 Come prepared to stay out
 Kinder sorter late.
 Wrap yourself in cotton,
 Like a tooth that aches;
 Drink up the molasses
 For to-morrow's cakes.
 Eat about a hundred
 Pounds of honeycomb;
 With a pint of syrup,
 Just to send it home.
 Send to meet the other things
 Sixteen sugar-loaves,
 And, by way of spicing,
 Take two little cloves.
 Cover with a pound of
 Maple-sugar chips;
 Put a stick of candy

'Twixt your dainty lips,
 Then tell Mr. Edison
 To send the bill to me,
 And charge you to the nozzle
 With electricitee.
 Then if you will pocket
 That piece of chewing-gum,
 You will be just luscious, love,
 For Yum Yum Yum!

That there is a serious scientific basis to the divine art of osculation may have been suspected by some of its more advanced devotees, acolytes of the inner temple of Aphrodite Phrontgatis, but as yet no one has appeared to formulate the fundamental laws of the kiss for the benefit of a world that delights in the dear lip-service of the gracious goddess, and literally and figuratively "plays with light loves in the portal."

Let this, then, be PUCK's pleasing task. PUCK is, or ought to be, an authority on the subject. He has culled sweet flowers of experience on the front gate and on the door-step. Also elsewhere. If there exist a base-born wretch who dares to imagine that PUCK's youthful and cherubic beauty is not appreciated by the one sex whose appreciation is worth having, let him stand forth. We will wager our basement shekel that the lowest envy alone influences his disordered mind, and that he never got a kiss in all his loveless days.



THE KISS SIMPLEX.—PRIMITIVE FORM, PLEASANT, BUT IMPERFECT.

'The fact is that the original, primitive, plain-style Kiss, the Kiss *simplex*, taken wherever convenient, without choice of location, always left a sense of unsatisfactoriness on the minds of the osculant parties.

People of commonplace minds, people who do not look below the surface of things, have alleged that this feeling of incompleteness arose solely from the obvious difficulty of getting a superabundant, or even fairly sufficient, supply of the article in question. But this is merely the superficial aspect of the case.

There was another and a profounder reason. There was a definite element lacking in the composition of the sugar-plum. Passion yearned for something to hold on by, just as art yearns for definite form.



THE KISS BALUSTRALIS.—PARTIAL ESTABLISHMENT OF THE ELECTRIC CURRENT, AND MARKED IMPROVEMENT.

This has, in some vague way, impressed itself on the mind of many an enraptured brace of lovers as they hung over the railing of a hotel verandah, or snatched casual refreshment on the stairs; and the man who has taken labial toll on the foot-bridge that crosses a country streamlet, has probably got a good deal of light on the subject.

But it was not until this great and glorious land blossomed out all over with front-gates that the perfect crystallization of the kiss thrilled all humanity with complete and satiated happiness.



THE KISS SUPRAGATIS, *vel* YUMYUMISTICUS.—ELECTRIC CURRENT IN FULL FORCE. ABSOLUTE PERFECTION ATTAINED BY COMPETENT OPERATORS.

And why? Because Science was, for the first time, supremely satisfied. For the first time the great active principle of the kiss, the uninterrupted Current of Osculant Electricity, was put in full-operation. It was partially established when the baluster or hand-rail of the rustic bridge afforded a grip to the close communicants of osculation; but it reached its highest power alone when that inspired piece of mechanism, the Gate, interposed its effective insulation between kisser and kissee, or rather, since it might be rather difficult to define this distinction, between the two halves of the kiss.

Glory, then, to the supreme efflorescence of our civilization. Glory in the highest to the Front Gate.

There is no other land under the broad heaven that can boast of an institution like this. It is the special and particular privilege of Americans to spoon over a front gate. Hence the beauty of American femininity. Hence the nobility of American manhood. Hence the toughness of American gate posts, and the proficiency of American fathers in the art of lubricating hinges.

And let glory in the highest,
 And peace on earth await
 The abstract idea of
 The American Front Gate.





A PASSING WHIM.

WHY is it that the poet's song,
Tho' set to measures grave or gay,
Varies never (this age live long)
From praise or blame of woman, pray?

Is't true that manhood is forgot—
That war no more excites the muse?
The chase, the sea, the field's Godnot!
Why do the minstrels these refuse?

Oh, Poesy, thou art betrayed,
Thy reason treason hath undone.
Mine be the task, 'gainst one fair maid,
To make thine aim a noble one.

My sweetheart Belle, my dearest, best,
In prose my throes of passion-pain
Will reach thee from where'er I rest,
As sure as if in measured strain.

Oh, sad our fate, to parted be;
I yearn and burn to reach thy side.
Dear love, my thoughts all turn to thee,
No matter to what themes applied.

Remembrance rests on that May morn
When I, with my rough hand in thine,
Trembled, for fear the bending corn
Heard the whisper that bound you mine.

Darling, whisper those vows again,
Sweet, I'll repeat them in this rhyme.

That reformation (?) with my pen
Was but a passing whim of mine.

PHIL FULLER.

HER LETTER.

SHE has written us from the wilds of New Jersey the following charming epistle:

CAMDEN, N. J., Oct. 25th, 1878.

Dear PUCK:

I have been a reader and admirer of you for nearly four volumes—which are soon to be bound—and consider myself sufficiently a friend of yours to ask a favor of you. I have just spent twenty cents in charity, two copies of a little book about another charity, the tomb of which may be still "visible to the naked eye" passing Park Avenue, New York. I don't have to go away from my dear home to earn my living, but I am not so selfish that I have no thought for those who must live away from domestic happiness, and canary birds, and baby sisters (and a gentleman who is not a first cousin). I did not intend to be funny, and I ask you in all seriousness if there is anything immodest in desiring a gentleman's society? I am not "woman's rights," as they call them, and I don't think marriage is slavery, and if it is right that we women should love and marry men—one apiece, I mean—and if the Lord intended us to, what right has Judge Hilton to interfere? It isn't his hotel, any way, and you know it just as well as you know you are reading my silly letter. (Please don't publish my name.) Will you please forward two copies of the little book, "Révelations," which I have taken the liberty to send you, to the bar-room, and smoking-room of the Women's Hotel—for it is the women's hotel—and any man who stays at it now is a disgrace to American manhood (anyhow, a gentleman friend told me it was near a nasty stable). Don't you think so?

Truly yours, L. E.

Don't we think so? Well, Miss L. E., it is rather difficult to say. So far as we can find out, no man ever has stayed there. When one does, it will be time enough to discuss the question. As to your other query, believe us, dear L. E., nothing would delight us more than to do you any favor in our power; but this we really can't. The "little book" is a wicked, shallow, delusive "Greenback" tract, which is calcu-

lated to do mischief to those impulsive people who wish to set right the disjointed times without taking the trouble to study the situation honestly and conscientiously. The Park Avenue Hotel may be a very bad place; but we don't want to make it any worse by inflicting on it the unhealthy literature which we feel sure some bad and designing man has imposed on you for the true gospel of peace.

"Is there anything immodest in desiring a gentleman's society?" God bless your dear little heart, NO! What would this world be if women didn't desire men's society, and write silly letters? L. E., be easy in your maiden mind. We won't print your name—wouldn't for any consideration; and we wish you all happiness, a sound political creed, and the "man apiece" that every one of your sweet sex is entitled to.

TRIOLETS FOR THE TIMES.

WRITTEN FOR MUSIC.

I.

(Introductory: recitative.)

SAYS Kernel Mapleson
Of this Her Majesty's Opera:
"Tis the best since the world begun!"
Says Kernel Mapleson.
Prima donna he has but one;
I suspect him of telling a whopper.
"Ah!"

Says Kernel Mapleson
Of this Her Majesty's Opera.

II.

(Andante: duo for two violins.)

Wilhelmj the fiddle can play,
Reményi can play on the fiddle;
All night and at noon and all day
Wilhelmj the fiddle can play.
Only one simple thing would I say—
To pronounce either name is a riddle.
Wilhelmj the fiddle can play,
Reményi can play on the fiddle.

III.

(Exhibition piece: on the Old South chimes.)

Ring the bells with their brazenest tone,
To declare that we've beaten Ben Butler.
Massachusetts has held her own!
Ring the bells with their brazenest tone!!
In his manners—a widder lone,
In his morals—far worse than a sutler.
Ring the bells with their brazenest tone,
To declare that we've beaten Ben Butler!

IV.

(Requiem: con molto espressione.)

Alas! for the Tammany ghost!
Alas! for the corpse of John Kelly!
Farewell to all bombast and boast;
Alas! for the Tammany ghost.
I weep for the Boss and his host,
Knocked into inanimate jelly.
Alas! for the Tammany ghost—
Alas! for the corpse of John Kelly.

V.

(Air: a combination of "With Verdure Clad"
and the "Wearing of the Green.")

Canst thou hear the greenback's wail,
As it calls us to deliver
It out of the noisome jail?
Canst thou hear the greenback's wail?
Its friends have all gone on a sail
On the beautiful briny Salt River.
Canst thou hear the greenback's wail
As it calls us to deliver?

A. Z.

THE THEATRES.

"ALMOST A LIFE" at the Standard will do. It is a high-toned French police case, and its development, with questionable virtue rewarded and idiocy punished, is calculated to thrill the average theatre-goer. Miss Rose Osborne has metal in her, and Le Clercq personates an idiot so far above our ordinary estimate of that character, that we begin to think that we have wronged some of our silly friends. Several handsome dresses wore Miss Maud Granger. The scenery pleases us, and the play altogether makes us forget that there was such a thing as the "Open Verdict."

MAPLESON'S opera pursues the even tenor of its way, broken only by an indifferent performance of "Der Freischütz," and a satisfactory presentation of "Don Giovanni." Gerster has thrown her gruel away, her physic to the dogs, and has leapt into popularity by warbling *Amina* in "Sonnambula" on Monday evening last. We haven't yet heard her, because we are just going to press, but, nevertheless, we anticipate her success.

MR. KNIGHT, at the Broadway, in *Otto*, a German, continues to amuse and attract largely. He has the most approved style of fit every night. The latest severe case of yellow fever, with original vomito, is not yet announced anywhere.

"THE SHAY-LE," the opening piece at the Theatre Brighton, is a five-act emotional drama; but we are in doubt, from the name, whether it's Irish or Chinese. We shall be on hand and judge for ourselves. If it's a little of both, so much the better. Whisky and tea often go very well together.

BOOTH "Hamlets it at the Fifth Avenue" excellent well." He smothers *Desdemona* Friday night, and dies "on a kiss."

ACCUSTOMED TO IT.



ENRAGED VISITOR—"Are you the editor of the damned paper?" [No answer.] "I say—er—are you (*less energetically*) the—er—editor?" [No answer.] "I say—you—you've been slandering my wife, sir! You have slandered—" EDITOR (*absently*)—"Er—which name?"

Answers for the Anxious.

JIM.—Jams.

HASELTINE.—She is on the foaming billows rolling.

F. TABERNER.—Oh! please don't. You must have been hanging about that churchyard.

LOUISE.—Wait until the Marquis of Lorne honors this continent with his better half of a princess.

ARARAT.—It is not funny to write bad rhymes about scriptural subjects. Noah made a mistake in taking a pair of you on board.

LELY, Delaware.—An unfortunate name, or the portraits might do. They make us contrast your work with Sir Peter's—and yours comes off second-best.

MADELEINE, Harrisburgh.—We are not in the habit of slinging compliments around, but if you are as pretty as the idea is, the intellectual young men of your city ought to be happy.

A MOTHER'S FIRST LOVE.

(Continued.)

SHE sat with clasped hands, gazing at the soft face of the smiling summer night, with the chill of winter through her being. And the time went by unmarked, unfelt, till she rose suddenly with a new shivering sense of pain, and crept slowly to her father's study. She knew he often spent long evenings there, reading some favorite book. He was there, but not reading. His head rested on one hand, and his eyes had an earnest look of thought in them, almost a look of pain. She went up to him very quietly, laying one hand on his shoulder. He looked up, wondering to see her there, and then kissed her gently, saying:

"Lucy, little one, why are you not in bed?"

"Father," she muttered, so low, so tremblingly, that she scarcely remembered her own voice, "father, tell me when he is going."

"By the nine o'clock train to-morrow morning," he answered quickly. "But you must not look like that, my child. I cannot bear to see your poor little face so pinched and sad;" and he kissed her again, drawing her down on his knees like a child. "Do you not know, darling, that I am acting for your good? Some day you will thank me, Lucy; you will feel that you have done well to obey your father's wishes."

"Oh, yes, I know," she whispered. "Mother told me. But—I must see him once again, only once. I cannot let him go like this. I came to tell you so. Father, I must see him again before he goes away—for ever!"

He looked at her for a moment, pity shining in his blue eyes, before he answered.

"You are foolish, Lucy; but I know that I can trust my brave little girl; only promise that—that—here he hesitated a little—" that it will only be to say 'good-bye.'"

"Only 'good-bye.'" she repeated, as though weighing the heavy words; and, bending to receive a last kiss, she slowly, almost unconsciously, made her way out of the room, incapable of adding another syllable.

O vigils of the night! vigils of grief and care! what tenfold bitterness is yours when you fall to the lot of youth, of youth whose life has been made up of sunshine and of flowers!

In after years and after sorrows Lucy remembered this night's agony, and she knew that it had been the bitterest of all that ever left their fatal mark on her heart.

At length the gray dawn came, and then the morning sun; the day that was to take him from her had risen, bright and fair as any May-day queen might have prayed for, and she hid her face with a moan to shut away the cruel light.

By and by she heard the servants stirring, heard their busy patter about the house; and then another footstep, whose sound she never more should hear, passed close to her, through the long corridor and down the stairs, till it was lost in some lower room, and she knew that the last hour had come.

She looked at herself in the glass absently, trying to smooth her hair, to hide the traces of her sorrow; but the tears she strove hard to repress rolled helplessly down her pale cheeks; she could not stop them now; after all, what was the use of trying? Wearily she went down-stairs—wearily, crushed beneath the thought of the last farewell she was about to speak.

He was in the dining-room, his eyes fixed on the heavy old clock; he did not hear her come in, never felt her presence till her arms were round his neck, and her tears, faster than ever now, fell on his face and hands.

"O my darling! God bless you for coming to me once more! I thought the last moment would come, and I should be left alone!"

"Harry," she whispered, between her sobs, "are you going away for ever? Am I not to see you again?"

"In years to come, perhaps, if Fortune smiles on me, my poor love, I will come and look on your dear face once more; but then," he added, with a weary bitterness that cut her to the heart, "then you will be a great lady, and the hand that should have been mine will belong to another."

"Never, Harry, never!"

"Hush; do not make me a coward again! Ah, it is hopeless, Lucy, hopeless! I am but a beggar. I have learnt that too bitterly to-day ever to forget it again, and for years I can be nothing else; and your father is right, you cannot doom yourself to poverty; he is poor, you are all poor; you must do something for yourself, for them all. O Lucy, what a blessing it is to live in these civilized times!" Again the bitter biting tone, again the look of intense pain. "I have promised," he went on, "promised to ask for nothing, to accept nothing; but I cannot go without hearing it once more from your lips. Lucy, tell me, tell the man who would give up his very life for you, that the first love of your heart was given to him, to him whose poverty made it a crime to accept it; yes, a crime in your father's eyes, a sort of theft, my darling!"

He had risen now, and held her in his arms; the answer came in the low whispering tone sorrow had taught her voice:

"Harry, I love you with all the love my nature knows. I love you as it is impossible to love twice in a lifetime."

"They may teach you to forget me now, poor little one; perhaps you will soon learn the lesson; those words will cling around my heart and warm it in the cold life to come, cheer it in the strange lands I shall seek, soothe and comfort it beneath the burning heat of day or the big bright moon of the tropical night; wherever I am, those blessed words will be. Perhaps I may dream of these moments, my darling, till they become almost real again, and the bitterness of my life will grow less."

She listened, mute and dry-eyed, but each syllable he spoke lingered in her memory for ever; she never once forgot the most trifling intonation of his voice. And now the old clock slowly chimed the half-hour, carriage-wheels sounded on the gravel walk yonder, and they knew that the joy of their youth was dead.

Hastily he gathered his wraps as the servant appeared, with outward calmness talking of outward things; and then he came back to Lucy, now pale and senseless almost as a cold marble statue. Hurriedly clasping her in a last embrace, immovable save for the quivering lips, he murmured:

"Promise me one thing more, one only before we part for life! Promise that if—many years hence, perhaps, when you are great and prosperous—I ask you to grant me a few brief moments of your precious time—O Lucy, if I ask to see your dear face once again, promise that you will not refuse me!"

Her eyes, blinded with tears, were raised to his; but she could only mutter:

"I promise, Harry!"

"God bless you, my darling! The prayer will never come until I know your poor lover can never weary or trouble you any more! Presentiments are true sometimes; and, in the anguish of my heart, I feel that in death at last you will be near. I know it, Lucy. God is good; He will not let me die an outcast from your love!"

She knew not what came after; she only felt that he had gone, taking her very soul with

him. With her forehead against the cold window-pane she gazed into space, into some shadowy distance far beyond, long after the carriage that bore him away had disappeared. Her father came and tried to rouse her, petting her, as he was wont to do when she had been a little child. Impassive as a sleeping child she lay for hours on the sofa of his bright little study, gazing at him unconsciously, as he watched by her side, feeling no breath of life in her save a dreary bewildering sense of utter vacancy around.

CHAPTER V.

MANY days passed away, and she went about her household duties like a pale silent ghost of the girl she used to be. And then her father told her that Harry l'Estrange had written him a farewell letter on the eve of leaving England. He wished to see new worlds, strange places where civilization was unknown; he would not return for years. And so Lucy's fond dream of love was ended.

Lord Lynn came as usual for a few days, but he soon went away on some shooting or boating excursion; and she felt his absence almost a relief, as her father always wished her to be present when he came; and the sight of his familiar face, more vividly than any other, recalled to her mind the golden days that were gone.

When Old Christmas had covered the earth with snow again he came back. Then the church had to be decorated; and he begged Lucy not to deprive them of her taste on this occasion, adding, with a melancholy look, that there was not much of that delightful commodity to be found in the parish.

She set to work willingly enough, and soon began to take some of her old interest in the pretty little church, with its bright wreaths of holly; and when the decorations were accomplished, she joined the busy workers who gathered round the castle tea-table, where Lord Lynn's sister presided (she had come down with her picturesque group of children to spend Christmas in the old familiar place).

Listening to cheerful voices and childish laughter did the weary girl good, rousing her to something like her former gayety; and by and by she found herself joining in the merriment with a lighter heart.

The Christmas dance came round, and her father took her to it, ordering his "little one to dance, and let him watch the pleasant sight once more." She obeyed him, and their handsome host claimed her hand for one waltz, and then another, and then for the last country dance; and she could not choose but join in the gay laughter of the giddy throng.

When Lord Lynn led her to the carriage, where her father had already seated himself, he asked if he might see her the next day. Wondering at the question, from one so familiar with the house as he had become, she only smiled, and said, "Of course!"

Her father seemed happier than he had been for a long time, and kissed her cheerfully, saying, "My darling never looked better in her life!" And the words reminded her of that other ball she had gone to six little months ago, when another voice had praised her, when the cup of her happiness seemed full even to overflowing; and she longed to know in what wild place her lover had hidden himself from her. She knew he would never return unless he could bring wealth to his chosen bride. Years might elapse before that time came. O God, the time might never come at all! Her restless thoughts wandered away to him toiling and suffering far away; and in her dreams she saw him till the bright morning came, chasing with ruthless hand the sweet visions of the night.

Her father went out after luncheon that day, saying ere he left her:

"You know, dear, you promised Lord Lynn that you would see him to-day."

"But you will be back in time to see him, will you not, father?"

"No, little one; I fear that cannot be. But remember, I wish you to be very kind to my favorite friend."

He disappeared as the last words were spoken; and she began to wonder if her manner had been unpleasant to his lordship, when the door was thrown open, and the object of these inward questions came to answer them himself.

She always greeted him with the freedom of an old friend; so she said laughingly as he came near:

"My father tells me I must be kind to you, Lord Lynn. Have I done aught to incur your displeasure?"

"Oh, far from that! he answered; "but—but you must be kinder to me to-day than you have ever been in your life before." And then, in gentle well-chosen language, gracefully as he did all things, he offered to the bewildered girl his heart and love, his title and his wealth.

For a moment she looked at him, scarcely believing that he could be in earnest; but she saw in his eyes a pleading more eloquent than any words could be, and, with the remembrance of another all-potent love that clung about the very air she breathed, she bent her head, saying: "It cannot be, my lord."

Fervently, tenderly he answered, praying that she would not shatter the hope that had grown so strong within him. He would not believe that she could send him from her—reject him for ever. And then he spoke of their old friendship, of her childhood. Oh, could she be worse than cruel to him who had known her so long, who knew her almost as well as her own father did?

But she stopped him, saying he knew her as a child; but he knew nothing of her girlhood, nothing of the changes her womanhood had brought.

Yes; he knew—he knew all!

She hid her face from him, and he told her that six months ago he meant to have spoken as he was speaking to-day. He had asked her father's consent, and had obtained it. He was waiting for some favorable opportunity to win her over; and then—then he had heard of her great grief!

Could it be true, indeed? Did he know all, and could he still love her—still offer her that love which high-born damsels for miles around would have been proud to win? Yes, it was all true. He was kneeling beside her, beseeching her to believe in him, to trust in him; and for one moment she almost wished that she were free to accept this one, so noble and so true, without being false to that other, as noble, as true—dearer by far.

She tried to raise him from his knees, saying: "Can you have faith in me, and yet believe that I could change so soon?"

"Oh, no, not change!" he cried; "but let me love you, and, with excess of love, teach you to look on the past without regret—perhaps to forget that which could only have been a dream!"

"Hush! it cannot be!" she said again; "as long as I live regret and remembrance must live with me!"

"Lucy, do you dislike me, then?" he said, so humbly that she felt as if he had rebuked her with exceeding humility.

"Dislike you! how could I dislike you? Is there any one in the world who knows and yet dislikes you?"

Gratefully he kissed her hand, speaking still in those pleading tones that seemed so strange coming to her from him.

"You do not dislike me, Lucy—you have known me since you were a curly-headed little child. I am praying to-day for something dearer to me than life—can you coldly bid me leave you like this? O Lucy, the very love you bear another should make you pitiful to mine!" But no answer came—how could she answer him?

"Listen," he began again: "if I am foolish enough to believe that love must beget love, that the very greatness of my devotion must teach you, some day, to care for me a little, will you be cruel enough to refuse me the trial? O Lucy, tell me that I may try to win you!"

"Pray, pray do not talk to me like this," she said, rising in great distress; "do not, for pity's sake. I like you better than any one I know, but that which you ask is not within my power to give."

"Will you not think of me and my poor suit a little? May I not come again? Lucy, remember how hearts can suffer, and, for pity's sake, be merciful to me!"

"Come again," she said, touched beyond measure; "come as often as you like. We may be friends always, may we not? No greater misfortune could befall me than the loss of such a friend as you are."

He took her hand again, but his only answer was: "Lucy, we must be more than friends." Then he left the room, and she was alone once more, alone with a host of confusing thoughts that racked her heart and brain.

How could she, insignificant girl that she was, have deserved the love of two such men as these? and was she doomed to darken both their lives? Was it true that she could add the last drop of happiness to the cup of one so great, so rich, so beloved already? And through the stillness of the room, through all her contending emotions, she could hear the sad cadence of a voice, like no other voice on earth, the sorrowful music of the words that had taught her an all-absorbing love:

"Can we school the heart's affection?
Can we banish its regret?
If you blame my deep dejection,
Teach, oh, teach me to forget!"

And the girl cried to Heaven to help her. With eyes and hands uplifted she appealed to the merciful Guide of the helpless, in simple language, praying, "O God, teach me to do Thy will!"

By and by her father came in, brisk and happy. With a look of expectation on his face, he said:

"Well, my darling, is your father to congratulate you?"

"Oh, no! Pray don't speak to me like this," and then she saw a cold shade pass over his face, and the quick question flash through his eyes before he had time to speak it:

"You—you have not sent him away from you, surely?"

Never had he seemed more anxious, more troubled, more annoyed.

"No," she answered, afraid of his disappointment. "No; we are to be good friends always."

"Good friends! my child, you know not what you say!" and then he told her she was throwing away such a chance as her whole life would never bring again. She only smiled, answering:

"Father, I know; but I am not ambitious."

"Ambitious! no, child, unfortunately I know that but too well. You are not ambitious, Lucy, and 'tis well, perhaps, for yourself, at least; but can you see your brothers and sisters brought up without the means to give them a good opening in the world? Can you tell yourself that you have but to stretch forth your hand to give them all they need, your brothers especially; to open for them some brilliant

career, my child? Can you think of this, and yet refuse to do it?"

Alas, poor girl, she had never even thought of it.

"Lucy, will you doom them to poverty for the sake of that which can never be more than a dream, for a foolish girlish fancy; for the remembrance of a love that cannot live, however much you may think so now?"

O parents, full of earthly wisdom, kind and tender though you be, how often do you fail to read the hearts of those little ones whose very being comes from you!

The father spoke on in the same strain long and anxiously. He told her that he had promised her hand to the man who was high in rank and wealth; that he had informed Harry l'Estrange of this, receiving from his lips the assurance that it was well, that it was right his daughter should have all the good things of the earth, all the luxury that Fortune can purchase (poor, poor Harry!). He told her they were poorer than ever now; that this marriage would repair all his mistakes, and bring ease and pleasure back again to his sorely-afflicted mind. Was she going to destroy all his most cherished plans; to cast him back into the old life of anxiety again? Would she sacrifice them all for a foolish whim of her own?

And as he spoke his daughter grew weaker and weaker. She felt it was her duty to help them, to give up all the soft memories of the past, for the sake of these dear ones at home, and she scarcely wavered at all when her father left her, saying, "Remember, child, this is my dearest wish. Lucy, it is your father's will!"

When Lord Lynn came again, her trembling voice answered "yes" to his pleading. "Yes," if he would not bid her tear away from her heart at once the old love which he knew had taken root so deeply there.

"My darling, I am too happy to be selfish," he simply said, placing his strong arms around her; and marveling at his nature, unworldly, generous, trustful beyond bounds, she felt as if the angel of peace had come down, folding his golden wings above her, and the struggle of life was softened into rest.

[To be concluded.]



Puck's Pranks.

COFFEE is good. It's no-tea, but it's nice.—*Graphic*.

UNEASY lies the head that has no crown.—*Pittsburgh Telegraph*.

A DROMEDARY is a camel that has "got his back up" twice.—*New Haven Register*.

THERE is no part of a man which will stand so many blows as his nose.—*Wheeling Leader*.

WHAT a barber should talk about whilst shaving a man—About two seconds.—*Camden Post*.

It seems rather odd to see two men playing seven-up for a dinner that is to be eight-up.—*Whitehall Times*.

THE ulster was a great invention, for paragraphists. It is almost equal to the duster.—*Cin. Sat. Night*.

It is left for futurity to produce two men who have sufficient Christian grace to occupy different offices on the second floor of a building, and then not wait for each other to sweep the stairs.—*Fulton Times*.

THE BLUE STOCKING.

HER skirt was wrapped with artful taste
Beneath the taper of her waist,
While lightly floated, unconfined,
Her dark hair on the sportive wind.

Her carriage, grace—her eyes were jet,
Her garb in genial tintings met,
And fairer maid ne'er bloomed to fade
Than tripped beneath that silken shade.

On, on she sped—our sight was brief—
She twirled a corner like a leaf,
But ne'er can fade from memory's view
That witching strip of stocking blue
That ringed above her summer shoe.

—*Geneva Courier.*

If empty vessels make the most noise, there
is storage-room in most modern politicians.—
Cincinnati Breakfast Table.

LADIES like basque waists, but an editor
can't get along without a waist-basque—it is said.
—*Chicago Tribune.*

HERE, come hold us down! Is not a detec-
tive in the United States Coinage Bureau a
mint's spy?—*N.Y. News.*

BROTHER TALMAGE firmly believes that he is a
poor stick of a preacher who can't be his own
jumping-jack.—*Oil City Derrick.*

A CHAP living outside of town is so mean that
every time he washes his hands he has the water
boiled down into soap again.—*Wheeling Leader.*

THE wise man placeth the stock of his gun
to his shoulder before he fireth, but the fool
looketh down the barrel to see the ball start.—
Rome Sentinel.

DISINFECTANT: A substitute of smell for
smell. A disinfectant, to be good, should
smell louder than the original smell.—*Chicago
Tribune.*

WHAT makes a tramp kick at humanity, and
feel sore all over his longitude, is to see a man
walk out of a saloon leaving half of his beer
on the table.—*Breakfast Table.*

If the boy of to-day isn't too busily engaged
in stealing ash-boxes for election bonfires, he
is thinking what kind of skates he wants this
winter.—*Phila. Kronicle-Herald.*

PROF. EDISON is at present engaged inventing
something wherewith to obviate the necessity
of getting up at 2 o'clock in the morning to
rock the baby.—*Buffalo Express.*

THE gospel according to St. Lukens (copy-
right applied for) don't go quite as far as to
say to the guardians of a newly arrived cherub,
"Don't give it a weigh."—*Yonkers Gazette.*

THE latest contribution to humorous litera-
ture will be out in a few days, and will be en-
titled "Yum-Yum." The book is probably in-
tended as a female seminary companion.—*Cin.
Breakfast Table.*

"WHAT," asks a correspondent, "what
causes the hair to fall out?" Before we answer
we must know whether you are married or
single. This is important to a true understand-
ing of the case.—*Keokuk Constitution.*

THE Pittsburgh *Telegraph* says there is no
such a word as "skun." Just you hitch a "k"
on to its rear end, and you will find that it is
one of the strongest words in the bright lexicon
of youth—or of old age, either.—*Norr. Herald.*

KISSING the baby may result in deforming
its nose and bringing on near-sightedness. The
safest plan is not to kiss a baby of the feminine
persuasion until it attains the age of sixteen
years. The cartilage of the nose is much stronger
then.—*Detroit Free Press.*

TO A PASTE-POT.

Oh, potent aid to editorial pen,
Twin-blessing of the awe-compelling shears,
How much we owe
To thee, to thee!

With shears alone we still might cut
And come again
But what were that,

Without the power to fix, to stick?
What were it worth to ensnare the cooing dove,
The chicken plump, at night, from neighbor
roost,
Salt lump without,
Without cropped wing?

Then hail thee, paste-pot, hail! preserver thou
Of what shears glean! thou mightier far than
pen!—*Boston Transcript.*

AN Illinois chap shot a girl because she
wouldn't marry him, and if she had married
him he would probably have beaten her first
and shot her afterwards. Girls, your only safety
in this country is to be born boys.—*Kronicle-
Herald.*

As everything indicates that we are going to
have one of the coldest winters ever known
on this continent, Lydia Thompson went and
bought another bracelet. She says she is going
to keep warm if she has to smother herself.—
Hawkeye.

THE newest fashion of ladies' hat is just out.
It is a sort of two-story hen's nest, with an owl's
eyebrow on one side, and a squirrel's tail on the
other, and is worn on a projection of seaweed
about six inches in the rear of the head.—*Cin.
Breakfast Table.*

It was in a Stumptown Sunday school a vis-
itor who was interrogating the children asked
the question, "Why was Lot's wife turned into
a pillow of salt?" There was a pause, and
then a small-boy with a preternatural growth of
head piped out, "I suppose it was because she
was too fresh!"—*Newark Call.*

A WATERBURY woman who weighed some-
thing over three hundred pounds got some anti-
fat and took double doses of it, until the first
thing she knew her skin was so loose that her
nose hupped off the end of her chin and her eyes
were at each corner of her mouth.—*Cincinnati
Breakfast Table.*

DEAN STANLEY made a pilgrimage recently
to the little knoll where Major André was
hanged. André's remains are in the Dean's
keeping in Westminster Abbey. Modern
Americans have little knoll-edge of the spot.
—*Boston Bulletin.*

THE man who wanted to have "Beautiful
Snow" printed, so that he could paste a few
copies in his scrap-book, got here Tuesday.
We did not expect him for some days yet, but
he is buried in the poet's corner of Simpson's
alley, just the same.—*Stillwater Lumberman.*

A STORY is going the rounds that a Miss
Mollie Fancher, of Brooklyn, has lived fourteen
years without food, and doctors certify to the
story. That woman should marry a country
editor. What this country needs is to have a
race of people raised up that could live fourteen
years without food, and Mollie and an editor is
the best cross we can think of.—*Peck's Sun.*

I show'd my love my fond heart,
And asked would she be mine
Till cruel death do us part?
She answered me, "ach nein!"

I show'd my love my bank-book—
Ah, then I touched her soul!
She sighed, with such a frank look,
And sweetly lisped, "ja wohl!"
N.Y. Com. Adv.

PREMONITIONS OF WINTER.

'Tis now upon the windy slope
The russet leaves repose;
Now languid fades the heliotrope,
The daisy and the rose,
And the gauze undershirt.—PUCK.

And now the farmers' hands are chapped,
Cold sores are round his nose;
His wife sells butter for thirty cents
And invests in striped hose,
Warranted all wool and cheap
At thirty cents a pair.—*Boston Post.*

THE Butler choir will please rise and sing!
Shall we gather at the river, the beautiful, the
beautiful Salt river? Chorus: (now all sing!)
Yes, we'll gather at the river, gather with Ben-
jamin at the river; the beautiful, the beautiful
Salt river.—*Boston Post.*

AtWAYS pick up a hot poker by the cold
end.

Never spend your money when you can get
things for nothing.

Do not despise a twenty-cent cigar or a \$2
dinner because another man pays for it.

Remember that it costs more to go to a high-
priced theatre than it does to take a back pew
in a free church.

Nothing is troublesome to you that other
people do for you willingly.

Never pay to-day the man you can put off
till to-morrow.

Never trouble yourself to do for another
what he can do just as well for himself.

Never buy what you don't want, simply be-
cause the man says he is just out of it.

Do not poultice your own elbow for the boil
on another man's neck.

When angry, be sure you can handle your
man before you call him a liar.—*Burlington
Hawkeye.*

In that clever paper, PUCK, this week there
is an inimitable operatic cartoon by Keppler,
in which Hauk, Campanini and other songsters
are portrayed in action, and, sitting in a cor-
ner, very pale, with her head bound up, and a
bowl of gruel in her hand, is the invalid cant-
atrice, from whose notes piqués so much is
hoped. This incapacitated figure is irresistibly
droll by contrast with the brilliant-hued artistes
associated with it in counterfeit presentment.
Among the most conspicuous of these is of
course the audacious and dashing Carmen,
playing the castanets, and topped with the
jaunty and characteristic Spanish toque.—*Wal-
singham, in Baltimore Every Saturday.*



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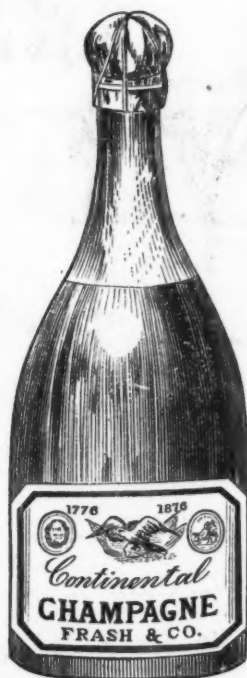


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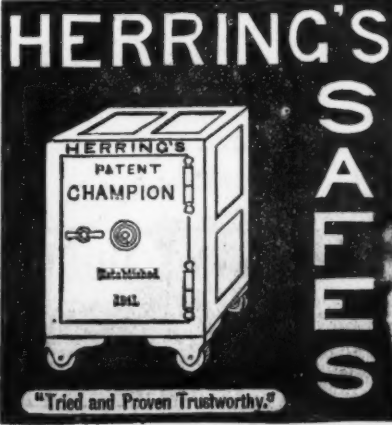
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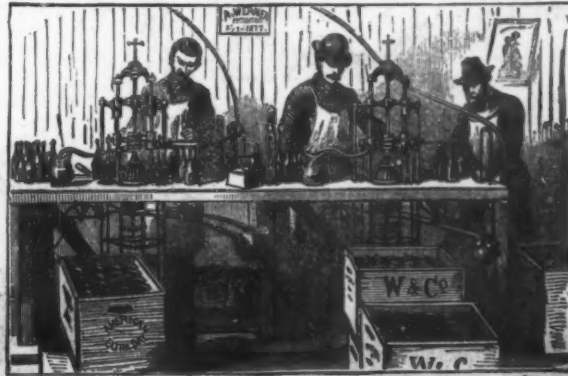
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